loose wrapper, when she has removed her stays; don a pair of loose slippers; dispose herself as luxuriously as possible upon bed, lounge or reclining-chair, and think of nothing, so far as in her lies, for the full number of minutes prescribed by law. If she cannot make a vacuum of her mind, let her read in moderation the lightest novel she can lay her hand upon without exerting herself to look for it. She should empty

lay her hand upon without exerting her-self to look for it. She should empty her mind of care, turning it upside down to drain out the dregs. For the next hour she should belong entirely to her-self, and have no earthly concern, ex-cept to relax physical, mental and moral muscles. If the slight fiction should in-terest her to the extent of making her care "what comes next in the story" it should be laid by as unit for the pur-

her care what comes next in the stary it should be laid by as unfit for the pur-pose she has in hand. Presently, she will grow drowsy; the book will slide from the lax fingers, the cyclids close, and sleep-that

and sleep-that

and sleep—that

"blessed thing.
Beloved from pole to pole"—
carry on the good work to fulfillment.
Leaving Utopia and theory, I would
observe that the length of the slumber.
the genuine "nap," is not so important
as the reality of the loss of consciousness. Ten minutes will as surely loosen
the invisible screw at the base of the
brain as an hour.—Baltimore Herald.

brain as an hour.-Baltimore Herald.

the trees;

I like its meller musto which is rising

everywhere, Frum the waterfalls an' thrushes an' the drone uv busy bees.

O, I like the summer feelin' with its

drowsy monotone,
Uv toads an' bugs an' locust, an' the
crickets' interlude;
I like tur lie an' listen with the branches

o'er me thrown Where the brooklet meets the river an'

Yes, I like the summer feelin' 'cus it fills

With the windin' crick beside me, an' the

Do yew know the summer feelin'? If yew don't then steal away. Where the medder meets the woodland

an' the brooklet meels the stream; Let yewr heart best to the munb, let yewr loosened funcies play. An' loaf an' letter by the crick, an'

am an' dream an' dream. -Joe Cane, in Boston Courier.

the medder meets the wood.



ened up as they are not now. I will own to a few crampled muscles, if you will be equally frank, and we will lay the blame

where it belongs—on the brain, which re-fuses to give its servants a complete rerd. I know but one wowman who admits that

ane steeps with relaxed muscles, and that ane success with relaxed muscles, and that is a devotee of the Delssarte system of physical culture, and she has educated herself to the point of making each mass-cle independent in its working, but subservient to her will, "Chicago Chronicie."

FEW CLIMB STAIRS PROPERLY.

There is a Right and a Wrong Way for That Simple Act.

If one would avoid fatigue in climbing

If one would avoid fatigue in climbing stairs, a necessary act in a city where many buildings have no clevators, he must learn to do it properly. A physician of repute tells how this should be done. "Usually," he says, "a person will tread on the built of the foot in taking each step. This is very tiresonic and wearing on the inuscles, as it throws the

should have full play. The enoughting po-sition interfers with their action, the blood is imperfectly negated, and there is trouble at once. Give the lungs a chance

to do their work everywhere and at all umes."—Chicago Chronicle.

Her Search for an Affinity.

"Do you," the sweet innocent girl sked, "believe that every soul has an

She looked at him and then down at

the peobles which she was pushing about

with the toes of her dainly shoes. They were all alone upon the bench, and far away upon the blue siretch of sea a white sail gicarned. It was as if they had been the central figures in a restrict

and she pulled convulsively at the lace upon the borders of her cunning fittie

He opened his lips several times as if a say something, but he stated. At last

suid. "I once read a poem which is al-

"Two shall be forn the whole wide

world apart.
And speak in different tongues and have

no thought Each of the other's being, and no heed;

And these o'er unknown seas to un-known lands

known lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this

one end-That one day out of darkness they shall

And read life's meaning in each other's

"Don't you think it is beautiful? That

could not be if there were no affinity of

"You and I are both natives of this country," she ventured.
"Yes," he admitted.

"Yes," he damitted.
"We have never crossed o'er unknown sens to unknown lands, escaping wreck."
"No: I never was on the water, except once when our Sunday-school gave a roat excursion."

"Ah," she cried, "but the poet knew of

the charm or whatever it may be called which draws two kindred souls together. The sea is but a smybol."

"We," she sighed, "were born far, far

Yes: I was born in Kittanning, Pa."

"And I was born at Sycamore Springs,

Then she turned upon him a look of eager inquiry and exclaimed:
"Say, do you wish to go on and have
this affinity business settled here or

"I-! don't know," he answered. "I

might—"
"th, well, if you don't know," she interrupted, "let's go back to the hotel,
Its past dinner time, and I detect cold
things whether they are to eat or wheth-

er they pretend to be men with blood in their veins."-Chicago Times-Herald.

The Funny Man.

"Oh, that I should have married a funny man!" she walled.
"What is the matter, dear?" asked her

"He came home and told me he had a sure way to keep Jelly from setting moldy at the top, and when I asked him how, he said to turn it upside down,"-Boston

Juvenile Wisdom.

Papa—"I hear you were a bad girl to-day, and had to be spanked."

Small Daughter—"Mamma is awful strict, If I'd a known she used to be a school teacher. I'd a told you het to marry her."—Tit-Bits.

"By perspiration we must earn
Our bread; likewise our fun."
—Washington Star.

At golf he took at little turn, And said, ere he had done,

intimate friend.

'What county is that in?"

"No." he answered, "I suppose not."

meet

apart.

netimes," he replied, "I am incaned

asked, "believe the

A Birthday Morn.

It was upon my birthday morn, The world with me went wrong. And, tossed by fear, the right had seem

How wearisome and long. When sweet, as when to her I turned A little restless child.

My mother stood beside my bed,
And looked on me and smiled.

And, brightness that was not of earth Shone round me all the day: The mansions of the blest appeared

How short a space away! "Twas but a dream," you say. dreams
The dear Lord spoke of old;
Has He forgotten to draw near?
Has Heaven's heart grown cold?

Oh no! His messenger of love, To me, her weary child, ly mother, on my birthday morn, streed by my bed, and smiled! —Marlan Douglas, in Harper's Bazaar.

IDEAL GIRLHOOD.

Sturdy Strength Has Replaced the Fragility of Old-Time Belles.

If I were painting her portrait, writes
Margaret Sangater of the summer girl. I
should choose to have her wear a sailor
hat and a scarlet jucket and a short and
painty skirt, ready, so far as dress was
in concern, for whatever outdoor sport
might allure her.
She should be Hebe's self, glowing with
health, easer, resolute, and, fearless.

health, eager, resolute, and fearless.
The ideal of girlhood in an earlier pe.

The ideal of girlhood in an earlier period was elegance and fragility in combination; our own is different.

We still exact elegance, but we also admire tuoyant vigor, and the repose born of sturdy strongth.

Our summer girl has muscles hardened by exercise, has a cool, firm hand, a clear eye, a steady head and a judicious mind used to discrimination, and not too readily thrown out of balance, even when her heart is stirred. The girl of to-day is apt to take account of stock and consult common sense before giving it away.

The summer girl seems as much a part of summer's affluent life as its other pomp and pageantry, its beauty and its pomp and pageantry, its beauty and its

A Lay of the Links.

It's up and away for our work to-day, For the breeze sweeps over the down: And it's hey for a game where the gorne blossoms flame, And the bracken is broazing to brown.

With the turf 'neath our tread and the blue overhead,
And the sons of the lark in the whin;
There's the flag and the green, with the bunkers between-

Now will you be over or in?

The doctor may come, and we'll teach him to know

A tee where no tannin can lurk; The soldier may come, and we is promise

to show Some hazards a soldier may shirk. The statesman may joke, as he tops every

And the clubman will stand with a chies

in his hard That is worth every club in St. James'.

The palm and the leather come rarely

together, Gripping the driver's haft,

And it's good to feel the jar of the steel
And the spring of the hickory shaft.
Why trouble or seek for the praise of a clique?

A cleek here is common to all; And the lie that might sting is a very small thing
When compared with the lie of the ball.

Come youth and come age, from the

study or stage.

From bar or from bench-high and low!

A green you must use as a cure for the

You must drive them away as you go. We're outward bound on a long, long

round,

And it's time to be up and away;
if werry and sorrow come back with
the morrow,
At least we'll be happy '--day.

-A. Conan Doyle, in Songs of Action.

HOME EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY.

If You Desire Real Loveliness Follow

These Rules. "Ninety-nine women out of every 100 mens," was the statement which greeted my eyes in a magazine of a recent issue and sent me on a tour of inspection. Really, I had no idea that there were so many wemen who did not know how to stand or walk or did not care to learn. You see I had been careless, too, in not using my powers of observation. There is but one correct standing position, and that a stained by lifting the chest high and throwing the entire weight of the body on stand with protruding chins and abdothrowing the entire weight of the body on the hips. Then the centre of the cent will be directly over the balls of the feet, while the heals just touch the ground, shoulders easy and not thrown back, eyes level and

easy and not thrown back, eyes level and chin drawn in. This position can be kept a long time with ease and the high chest will give a better figure then a full bust, for the walst line is lengthened.

"With neck relaxed bend the body without moving the hips, to the front, to the right, to the left, to the back, then to the front and round again. This exercise has an effect upon the digestion and will often cure sick headache, and it gives a often cure sick headache, and it gives a flexible and graceful carriage to the body, It will bring one rather near the ideal lig-ure—high and full chest, long and flex-fible waist, well-poised head and fre-mov-ing limbs. Remember that all this can be scured without the aid of expensive ap-paratus or an instructor, if you will but devote but twenty minutes a day to ex-ercise. You will not obtain satisfactory results without patience and persever-ance, exercising one day and skipping. ance, exercising one day and skipping

two is useless.
"And the sitting-well, it is the simplest "And the sitting—well, it is the simplest act imaginable. Just drop easily into a chair and remain there without squirm the Chair to scoure the poise of the tody, and the muscles will do the rest without fuss or bother. No chair arms will be needed, even when you get to be an old woman. Watch the women in the next trolley car you enter and count those who sit and rise gracefully, and if you will find more

Compensation.

Down by the side of a meadow brook, Fringed by low ferns, in a shaded nook, Luiled by the whirr of swift-glancing wings.
And the music sweet that a little brook

sings, A brown tark sits on her sheltered nest, Softly brooding, alone, at rest.

The brook glides on to the ocean wide, To lose itself in the surging tide, And wild been roam the upland over, Through rosy finits of fragrant clover; Still fulled by the stream, and the wind's

low moan, The bird broods softly, at rest, alone,

Anizais are mere inert lamps of fiesh and bones while they sleep, and graceful even at that. Babes are equally limp, begin to cramp their muscles when they begin to walk. If we chold all fall upon our couches with the heaviness of manimate objects and remain so until we watered in the morning sleep would, indeed, be a comfort and rest, and we would find our muscles and joints freshered up as they are not pow. I will own A finger of flame at dawn of day sPoints through the blue air its upware

And the brown bird mounts on exultant wing
From its sheltered nest by the woodland

Spring; While delow is the roar of the surging

And the rosy bloom of meadows wide,

And strangely sweet is the mystic note, Whilling with rapture the quivering throat,
As, bearing the burden of its song.

The lark still speeds on its way along. Through sunit depths of fathomics:

To the golden gates of Paradise!

THE SIESTA.

-Boston Transcript,

Marion Harland Writes About Its AG-

vantages, The word comes to us from the Spanish, and is defined by our English lexicographers as "A short midday nap." ng The deeper root is in the Latin sea-nal sum—"to sit," or sessitare—"to sit long." It suits my present purpose to make a on composite of the definitions that small

entire suspended weight of the body on the muscles of the legs and feet. You should, in walking or climbing states, seek for the most equal distribution of be:

"A pause in the day's occupations."

That shall knit up at least the cuff of the raveled sleeve of care; a breathing-spel half-way up the long hill of daily toll; a loosening of the tension of the human machine; an interim between forenoen and afternoon, devoted honthe body's weight possible. In walking up stairs your feet should be placed squarely down on the step, hed and all and then the work should be performed stowly and deliberately. In this way there is no strain upon any particular muncle, but esty, openly and religiously to rest, pure each one is doing its duty in a natural manner. The woman who goes upstairs with a spring is no philosopher, or at least

do nothing confessedly and dellaerately for an hour, or half that time, is an impropriety in the sight of Our Average Housewife, a misdemeanor in the estimation of her busy husband. He from the while gossiping with a neighbor for half as long again without offense to conscience. Not one in five hundred of either sex has the moral courage to say, "I make it a rule to get an hour a cour rest after huncheon (or dinner)

elesta as a work of necessity and mercy, told me that she was "opposed upon principle to forming any habit, the in-terruption of which would make her "if I take a rest at a certain hour

every day I should be sleepy always at that bour, and sometimes that would be acconvenient, you know."

I retorted that the same objection ap-

ied to the formation of any habit, ich, for instance, as cating one's lunch, on, or taking a daily bath, or a brisk mustitutional, or combing the hair, or ushing the teeth.

remarked, moreover, in my haste. I beg leave to repeat here at my e-that, in my opinion, not one of resure—that, in my opinion, not one of the practices I enumerated was more essential to my health of mind and body than the midday rest.hour. Were I a singular, I would enjoin it by law, and entorce it by the constabiliary. It should be a penal offense to do any work of whatsoever description between the cours of 2 and 3 in the atternoon, and ach man, woman and child should jest part from the other members of the cousehold. And after this manner nould this sanitary season be spent. Cealing with the house-mother, as the ne most in need of this type of life-preserver—and the one whose example ould be most surely followed by the

down her hair; exchange her dress for a

An Annual Affair.

"Where shall we go a-golfing? Come, tell us, mother dear. We've spent the winter in the South And now the summer's here."

"Dear girls, I'll see your dear papa, Dear girls, I'll see your dear papa,
And ask him where we'll golf,
And yet I fear he will not like
To have you running off."
"But, mother dear, we cannot stay;
Our standing would go down.
Why, even now it's such bad form
To be as long in town."

To be so long in town, "I know it, pets, but dear papa Must have his little say; And we must let him swear awhile

And then we'll all away." "But, mother dear, here is a plan-Twill save us such a fuss. bh, why not ask our dear papa. To go along with us?"

"Tut, tut, dear girls, those little scenes You must not try to shirk. Your dear papa's not in our set; Hesides, he has to work!" -Tom Masson in the Criterion.

The Summer Feelin'. THE MODERN WOMAN. O, I like the summer feelin' with its hazy, lazy air, An' its soft an' drowsy whisper through

Her Attitude Toward the World Proclaims Many Serious Things,

Certain artists of the period have achieved a new feminine type, says a writer in Lippincett's. She is a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and divinely fair. Her well-cut features, the turn of her head, her whole attitude and gesture, show no enly magnificent composure and high se-riousness, but deep intention. She seems to approach the levels of life in a halfdistantul way, as if from higher alti-tudes. Her whole being proclaims not

only that she has arrived, but that she has no time to wait. The world is to be made over without loss of time.

Of course, we recognize her on the instant as the modern woman, and as she looks at us with the brow of one who comprehends all things clearly, she seems to offer us a new key to the secret of

my hungry soul
With a glow uv healthy happerness that
nothin' else i'm do;
An' I look up through the branches where
the great white cloudlets roll. An' I feel myself n-driftin' off to worlds beyond the blue. what shall be. "If I could understand what you are, root and all and all in all, I should know what God and man is," said Tennyson, plucking "the flower from the crannied with the windin' crick beside me, an the restful skies above.

An' a tangled mess uv mosses lvin' 'neath me for a bed;

An' a splash uv summer feelin' frum the green-clad hills I love.

An' a strain uv Natur's music runnin' wildly through my head. wall." To detach this medern weman from her environment, to deline her re-lation to the universe, might seen to be a simple matter. Eminent writers treat the subject of her social, civic and ethical status from every point of view. There are in her case no reticences, no reserves, almost, one might say, no discretions. Her full personal equipment, from hairpins to bootlaces, is freely dis-cussed. Also the burning question whether she shall or shall not wear bifurcated garments, ride astride, and chew gum together with her initiative in manners of social, civic and hygienic reform. Her every feeling, motion and aspiration is

are the only daughter of my old friend Gazzam, are you? I am delighted to see

yau. You resemble your father wonder fully, and he was a handsome man. Pray

Mrs. Durley was pleased at this recep

"Judge," she said, "my father often told

think you said."
She had not said so, but Mr. Darley was

to see you, Judge," said Mrs. Parley, "and to afford you an opportunity of re-

bared to the sunlight. A SUMMER DAY AT WINDSOR. His Debt of Gratifude.

What the Empress Queen Does and How one Does It.

The Queen, says the Westminster Gazette, has been in excellent health since the return of the Court to Windsor, sighthough the weather has been very hot indeed. The Queen now drives down to Progmore every fine morning at 9 o'clock frogmore every line Majesty break-fasts either at the Lodge (where the rooms are cool and dark) or in a tent self in a second tent, which has been pitched under the trees on the lawn, where she finds the day's boxes and bags, castle, having previously been put in or-der by Sir Fleetwood Edwards and Sir Arthur Bigge, with whom her majesty be a penal offense to do any work of majesty returns to the castle about half-whatsoever description between the past 7, dinner being served at a quarter hours of 2 and 3 in the afternoon, and to 3.

Coals of Fire.

Ethel-Lottie Totkins sald you was too mean to live, 'cause you wouldn't let me Fond Mother-And what did you say,

THE AUTOMOBILE CIRL OF PARIS.

She is More Sporty Than the American Type.

"Seem to think!" interrupted the Judge"Indeed, there is no seeming about it.
I do owe him a debt of gratitude. But Ethel-I heaped coals of fire on her head I said I hoped her mamma wasn't as mean as you are.—Columbus Journal.

"Oh, no, Judge, nothing of the sort,

And Mrs. Darley laughed so cheerly that he knew his visitor was happily Young Mrs. Darley was ushered into

It's this way, Judge. I'm to go away to Colorado for a month, and I thought if you could put George on the Jury, to keep him occupied while I'm away—a nice long murder trial, or something of that sort—I could go away and be so contented the while, and you could re-pay the debt of gratitude you own dear pape." *

Houng Mrs. Darley was useded into the Judge's presence, says Harper's Bazer. He was twirling her card in his fingers and smiling. As she approached he arose from his seat and extended his hand cordially. Grasping hers, he held it a long time.

"Well, well," he said, genially, "so you The Judge thought he might be able to do something of the sert, and Mrs. Darley left in a very comorriable fram-

BETTER THAN COSMETICS. Nature's Agent for Bringing Out th

me that if I ever needed a favor, I should have no hesitancy in coming to you, for Red and White Tints of the Skin. Mother Nature is a great artist, and will beautify the plainest face if she has rou would do anything in reason for "That is true, my dear," replied the

Judge. "Never were closer friends than your father and myself. We were boys together, and he saved me from drownng one summer when we were swimming together. I'd have been buried long ago first to go, after all."
The Judge sighed. His friend Gazzam "And now, my dear, tell me what I can do for you. You are not in deep distress, I hope? Your husband is quite well, I

tints of the skin. Beets, carrots, tomatoes, strawberries, raspberries, cherries and blackberries are ed and blood makens, developing t

red and blood making, developing infantile loveliness in checks and hiss if eaten, not now and then, but three times a May. This is the fruit cure or Garden of Eden breakfast, and it will be remembered that Eve had no patent medicines, cosmetics or doctors.

Pineappie is good for the stomach and air passages. Rice, all cereals and white vesetables, such as cauliflower and paranips, are wholesome. But pickles and pie-crust, hot cakes and too many sweets will make one look pasty, because they lack the acids and salts which nature needs to cleanse her machinery. Oil she

needs to cleanse ber machinery. Oil she must have, too, from the oilve and nut, to keep the internal wheels revolving.—Baltimore Herald.

He Fooled His Wife He had all the earmarks of the average

ruralist and some the average ruralis has not. As he wandered into the office of Chief of Detectives Miller at the City Hall an afternoon or two ago to complain

And he wandered off down the City Hall lumps.-What To Eat.

corridor laughing as if the joke on his wife was a big one.-Philadelphia In-



MISS EMILY MAY WHEAT.

Miss Emily May Wheat is decidedly one of the belies at the White now. She is very tall and carries herself beautifully. Miss Wheat is fair to look upon, her cheeks moulded perfectly and her complexion so rich and creamy as to remind one of a bouquet of bride's, and bride's maid roses, mixed togother. She has besides, the most glorious eyes of amber brown and hair of ginting gold brown, and her voice is sweet and soft as the trill of a wood thrush on a dawy morning. She is a standard of heauty in Kentucky, for if a girl can claim a single feature like one given to Miss Emily May Wheat, she is in a fair way to become a beauty on her own secount. Miss Wheat is very highly connected, and as popular as she deserves to be. ly connected, and as popular as she deserves to be.

Asloop. Did you hear me when I called you,

Did you hear me when I called you,
Love? You lay so fast asleep;
Did you listen when I whispered
Through your slumbers calm and desp?
Summer roses lay healds you,
Slender liles, white and tall,
And you looked so still and saintly,
Did you feel my teardrops fall?

O, my darling! but I murmured Words so wildly true and fond, Were you dreaming there serenely Of the strange and vast Beyond! When I whispered how I love you,

Love? You lay so fast ascep, And the stillness seemed so holy, That I scarcely dared to weep-Scarcely dared to take a resebud,

in your everlasting rest. -London Sun.

A HOT WEATHER TRAGEDY.

Resulting From a Failure to Speak Good English,

Wabash-Will you have this glass Miss Van Beenz, of Boston-With a 'd,'

Mr. W.-Eh? I bey your pardon? Miss V. B.-I said with a 'd,' please. Miss V. B .- Of course not. Don't you

know what a 'd' is? Mr. W.-Perhaps I do: erhaps I don't.

I said with a 'd' I meant with a 'd.'
Mr. W.-Oh, I see, But what did you

Miss V. B .- You said "ice water." Mr. W.-It was some time ago, but I believe I did.

Alsa V. B.-You should have said fleed water with a 'd.' you know.

Mr. W.-Oh, of course. And will you

have some iced water?

Miss V, B.-If you please.

Mr. W.-Too late-It's warm!"-Cleve-

Art in Trimming a Dish-

Hall an afternoon or two ago to complain of being robbed. The Saunterer, who was present, could see tears glistening in his eyes.

"Is this the place where you come when you get robbed?" he asked.

The detective on duty told that it was "Well," the ruralist continued, "them bunco sharps has got \$500 of my money. It was this way, I saw an advertisement in a paper of a horse for sale. The advertisement said the animal was worth \$200, but that it would be seld at a sacrifice for \$200. So I draws the money out of the bank and gets ready to come to Philadelphy.

"I don't thing you'd better go," Mandy, my wife, said just as I was about to slart. 'You won't be in Philadelphin two hours before the bunco steerers will have your money."

"I came, though, just the same, and new I wisht I hadn't. How'd they get the money from me? Blamed if I know, it was done so slick. What I came here to see about is if there is any chance of getting some of it back again."

The ruralist was told that the detectives would do the best they could for him,

The ruralist was told that the detectives would do the best they could for him,

after chopping it to put in the corner of

It was done so slick. What I came here to see about is if there is any chance of getting some of it back again."

The ruralist was told that the detectives would do the best they could for him, and after leaving a description of the men he started out. Half way to the door he stopped and turned around.

"But I fooled Mandy, though," he chucked audibity. "She said they'd get it in two hours, an' it took 'em two days. Haw-haw-haw!"

And he wandered off down the City Half.

The Next World Meeting of the Women Will be Held in Berlin.

Distressing Situation.

"Mrs. Fisherly had awful bad luck here last year," said Mrs. Chatterbye to her friend Mrs. Seely, as they rocked to and fro on the hotel piazza.

"Gracious! Not typhoid, I hope!" exciaimed Mrs. Seely.

"Oh dear no, nothing like that." said Mrs. Chatterbye; "but there was an awful storm, which washed away the railroad tracks, and Mrs. Fisherly was forced to stay three days after she had come to the bottom of her last trunk,"—Harper's liazar. In Berlin, in 1904, the gifted women of storm, which washed away the railroad tracks, and Mrs. Fisherly was forced to stay three days after she had come to the bottom of her last trunk."—Harper's liasar.

Two Pessimists.

Two pessimists there were Sighed one, "Oh, let me drift! I'm tired of rowing."

The other, more resentful, fierce, Cried, "Let me rip! I'm three of sewing."

Detroit Journal pltalities, and London broke its own record in giving private entertainment to every foreigner who was officially connected with the council. There have been criticisms upon the efficacy of the meetings because there were frequent differences of statement and opinion, but if a little thing like that were to hold, where would any assembly land? As a matter of fact, the whole council was a success, culminating in a notable reception by Queen Victoria.—Saturday Evening Post.